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No. 443

THE SHRINES OF SONG.

BY WILLIAM TENNYSON HEATON.

Open the gates to the unseen land,
I can hear angel voices!—
I almost hear on the meadow strand
The sound of a mystical chime,
Over the waves of the river of sin,
Come to this earthly shore,
And thy whitened shallot shall bear me in
To the golden glory of the Eternity.

A shadow came over my weary eyes—
A halo of dreamland peace—
Landscape of the sunlit skies
To the tired day gives sweet release.
The fairest of cities rose up to my view,
With palaces peaceful and white,
And under the shade where the lindens grew,
Bright flowerets gleamed in the purple light.

In bright festoons the amaranth hung,
Above on the branches of green;
In every tower soft music was rung
Close by a stream; this city of gold
A temple arose in the sunset bright;
Above it the clouds like chariots rolled,
And glittered like stars in the arctic night.

There came to me then a fair white form—
“This is the shrine of song!” she said,
And like the sunshine after a storm,
A brighter look her face o’erspread.
For we sing the shrines of song,
Flows free as the mountain streams;
Glorious visions the mind doth thronz,
And break o’er the soul ecstatic themes.

Hither the minstrels of earth do come,
And donning their crowns of gold,
They echo their songs from turreted dome,
And sweep their harps as in times of old.”
E’en as she spoke, from out the shrine
Came the voices of the herald song,
And the silver bells from the town’s chime
Echoed their strains as they flowed along.

“Here I will stay!” to my guide I said;
“Here every grief I’ll forget!”
But softly she placed her hand on my head
And whispered: “Oh! child of earth, not yet!”
The vision was ended; my dream was o’er;
I awoke to walk again
On the flinty rocks of an earthly shore,
That echo with shrieks of pain.

Franz,

THE FRENCH DETECTIVE, OR, THE BRIDE OF PARIS.

A Thrilling Story of the Commune.
BY A. P. MORRIS,
AUTHOR OF “BEAUTIFUL SPHINX,” “SILVER SERPENT,” “FIRE-FIENDS OF CHICAGO,”
“STAR OF DIAMONDS,” ETC.

CHAPTER VI. THE DEATH-CART.

The Death-cart of Pierre Plaque came gliding noiselessly along at full speed, a lean black horse stretching his lank legs in a breakneck trot, as if to cut a path directly through the closely-packed humans crowding ahead.

This vehicle was painted entirely black and highly polished, mounted on two tall black wheels having long, thin spokes and broad tires; the top of the affair being open and tilted toward the rear, like an ordinary cart. Inside was a stool also black, across the seat a black plank seat, and on the seat sat Pierre Plaque holding and jerking a pair of black reins that terminated amid a profusion of plain black harness, at the curb of a black bit.

Pierre Plaque wore a cone-shaped soft woolen cap of black, which dangled and bobbed behind him in an immense ball-button. He wore no coat, but a black vest flapped open, and under the vest a black cloth shirt buttoned tight up in the throat. His skinny legs, in black, shrunken pants, were drawn up until his heels pressed the front-board of the cart and his toes projected like two spear-points. His fingers, with arms extended, twined, like a bunch of bleached eels, even fiercely round the reins. One eye, from the effect of a deep scar thereon, was widely distended and seemed to look far to the front; the other eye small, keen and shrill, appeared to take in every object near. His forehead was high, nose hooked, chin disfigured by a monstrous wart, and this wort danced up and down as his cadaverous mouth opened and shut, while he screamed shrilly:

“Make way, there! make way! Where is Jean Arnold, the detective?”

Coming thus suddenly and unexpected, and so grotesque in appearance, and as if from the center of the flames that a few seconds past had deluged the air with heat, smoke and smell—for these flames were now panting themselves out—Pierre Plaque reminded one of a diminutive devil rising, with skip and scud, from the regions of perdition, whose brimstone fires he breathed and lived in.

But the swift, noiseless black Death-cart, and the ogling one eye of the shriveled driver crouched upon the seat, at once betrayed the familiar presence of this recent introduction by order of General Cluseret, and the words with which the ugly anatomy greeted the mass of men and women, were taken up and repeated furiously.

“Where is Jean Arnold, the detective? Bring him out that we may strangle him!”

“Hold hard, Pierre Plaque!” cried the burly fellow who, having spied upon the hogsnout, checked the snorting horse by a gripe that nearly threw the animal backward. “Hold! there is time enough for Jean Arnold!”

“But you were right on his heels—he could not get away!” squealed Pierre Plaque.

“True. He is now in that abominable restaurant, which we shall presently tear to the ground if he does not come out!”

At this juncture the disguised negro wearing the turban and carrying the cimeter, who happened near the Death-cart when it stopped, flourished his weapon aloft, and shouted:

“Death to Jean Arnold! Down with the detective, which was repeated by a hundred seething throats.

“We have caught another as good,” continued the burly Frenchman, who maintained his hold upon the bit while he spoke with Pierre Plaque.



Not far in the rear of these two riders, sped the Death-cart of Pierre Plaque in hot pursuit.

“Oho! ‘another as good?’” echoed the Death-cart driver, cracking his knuckles in evident glee. He stood up on the seat, rubbing the sides of his hooked nose with thumb and finger, and casting his small, keen one eye hither and thither as if in search of the “other” as good.”

“Who is he? Where is he? We shall have him in my Death-cart in a trice, and take him a jolly ride before we spike his head on one of the barricades. Oho! by the bones of the catacombs! I see—you have not got him yet.” And then for the first time he noticed the body of men surging before the doorway, heard the pistol-shots of the assailed detective, and the sultry murmur that demanded vengeance on Franz Edouin.

Franz had not been idle. His revolvers, one held in his Death-cart in a trice, and take him a jolly ride before we spike his head on one of the barricades. Oho! by the bones of the catacombs! I see—you have not got him yet.” And then for the first time he noticed the body of men surging before the doorway, heard the pistol-shots of the assailed detective, and the sultry murmur that demanded vengeance on Franz Edouin.

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though his government be obnoxious to many. In my jaw I wear a hollow tooth, and in that tooth I carry a cipher of the information I speak or come—versailles! We go together.

As they left the alley a small, wriggling figure crept forward and stole after them round the fence-wall. Even in the thick gloom of the alley it was impossible to mistake the ugly little shape of Pierre Plaque, the Death-cart driver. Among the first to save his precious neck, when the detachment of the Guard charged the mob, he had turned the near corner and darted into the dark alley, just in time to shelter himself from discovery by Franz Edouin and Jean Arnold, as the two came from the rear door of the Bureau.

"A merry pair!" he gibbered, rubbing his fingers over and over, like a squirrel nibbling a nut. "To Versailles, eh? He has no hold too in his bones. Edouin thinks he is a confirmed spy against the Commune. Oho! my birds. But you may not reach Versailles. I owe you for these half-crushed ribs, my friend with the black face. By the bones of the catacombs! I thought myself a dead man when that wheel sawed across my stomach. We shall see whether you reach Versailles. A gay pair, forsooth!"

Within an hour two men, fully armed, were galloping for a less frequented road to the southwest of Paris, pausing only to exhibit passports, then dashing on again at full speed.

Not far in the rear of these two riders—and noiseless save for the rattling strokes of hoofs—sped the Death-cart of Pierre Plaque in hot haste. The long whip cracked over his head, and his tail flared straight in the wind. No whip nor spur was needed, but the voice of the impatient driver caused him to leap like a hound on a fox's trail. Pierre Plaque drove a wonderful horse. The horse, cart and driver being well known in time was lost in stopping for passports or passwords, and he was steadily gaining upon the two horsemen.

Two men accompanied Pierre Plaque, and, as if by a devilish chance they were the same who had been missed, by the man in the doorway of M. Achefort's house, to follow and assassinate Franz Edouin.

"I have heard it said," grumbled one of the assassins, "that who rides in the Death-cart of Pierre Plaque, that is the last of him or her. I hope the saying may not come true for us, comrade."

"Mon Dieu! I could not afford it. For, in case we do not succeed in killing this man we are after—who is Franz Edouin, the famous detective, and for whose death Monsieur De Vin will pay well—I have another task to perform, which is, to advise Helen Varcla, the actress, of the hour when he returns to Paris, for which notification she also, will pay well. I think that Helen Varcla owes him a grudge, though she expressly told me, 'Do not let me catch you watching him for me.' Pierre, our comrade, is at present on a similar mission, watching a man for Helen Varcla. Whether we kill Franz Edouin or not, I am sure of a reward; and you, my brother, can share it with me."

"I like that. Good. We have two chances."

Pierre Plaque paid no heed to this conversation. His keen, small, one eye glanced eagerly ahead, while he urged on his galloping horse; and only once he squeaked:

"If we can catch them before they reach the cross-road they will never reach Versailles."

"And why the cross-road, Pierre?" asked one.

"You are a grand fool! They will have the armfuls of Versailles to back them. See there is the cross-road, and now we are within a hundred feet of the rascals. Ha! get your weapons ready."

Saying which, Pierre Plaque drew from his belt a monstrous pistol carrying a bullet as heavy as a rifle-ball. Evidently, the Death-cart driver was no coward, withal his sly, wicked, calculating nature.

Presently the night air reverberated with the loud crack of the pistol, and a hissing messenger of death sped toward the fleeing horsemen. Simultaneously sounded a cry of agony from a man's lips and a snort from a mortally wounded horse. The large bullet had done a double deal.

There was a stumble, a struggle and a cloud of dust.

Into this cloud of dust plunged Pierre Plaque, for he could not check his racing beast. Over and into a horse and man went the Death-cart and its occupants, turning a somersault and crashing to the ground in a wild, wrecked, jumbled mass, making thicker the cloud of dust that enveloped a scene of murder and quick retribution.

Only two living forms at last extricated themselves from the tangle of accident and death; one the horse of Pierre Plaque, the other one of the assassins—the one who had spoken of a bargain with Helen Varcla, the actress, as also one with Monsieur De Vin.

"Mon Dieu!" groaned the wretch, feeling his bones, to see if he was really unhurt. "Everybody is dead, I think; the horse, the other man, Pierre Plaque and my comrade. Ha! a thought. I must reach Versailles. Somebody, no doubt, will find these dead bodies and bury them. I have no time for grave-digging. I must go on to Versailles after Franz Edouin; for I perceive that the one Pierre Plaque has shot is not Franz Edouin. Now I am off again. I must either kill Franz Edouin or get the ring he wears, or let Helen Varcla know where he returns to Paris. How she knew that he would leave Paris is a secret of her own."

While speaking thus alound he had caught the black horse, striped everything from him except the bridle and check-rein, and then bounding upon the animal's bare back dug his heels into the panting ribs.

Far down the road a single horseman, now nearly lost to view, was galloping rapidly toward Versailles, and on went the lucky assassin in hot chase, heedless of occasional shots from amateur marksmen to the roadside.

"On to Versailles! On to Versailles!" he spluttered and gasped; and with every word he gave the mad horse another dig with his heels. (To be continued—continued in No. 441.)

The Parson's Choice.

BY MATTIE DYER BRITTS.

"WAL, now, Deacon Conway, I s'pose the man knows his own feelings, and if he wanted to marry, he'd do it without anybody's finger in the pie!"

"Certainly! certainly, sister Palmer! Still, as he might not know—the state of popular feeling, and—and—the—I may say, wishes of the church, it would be well to mention the matter," returned the good deacon.

"All right, you kin talk it over. As fur as I'm concerned," and in her earnestness Aunt Polly dropped the apple she was peeling before converting it into a dumpling for the parson's dinner, and stood with her hands resting on her hips, to talk to the bland deacon: "as fur as I'm concerned, I'd be glad to see Mr. Howland get married! Not that he's the least bit of trouble as a boarder—I never did see a man more quiet. Why, he may go to work and fry chickens, and make his biscuits and coffee for supper, and pile on all the talk he hold, and I do believe in my soul he'd be just as well suited if I'd give him only a slice of cold bread, and a glass of milk and a sancer of berries—as I was sayin', I never did see a man so easy to please! But, land's me, deacon! if you jest could see the way all the young gals, yes, and some that's old enough to know better, does run after and bedevil that poor man, settin' their caps for him."

"Yes! yes! that is one reason why we suggest a slight change—just one reason, sister Palmer."

"Wal, it's a good one, fur's it goes. Why, there ain't a day but when some one 'em's a-trottin' in with some fool idea in their head that hasn't got no airy-thin use, fur the 'dear pastor.' His room's a sight with tides, and brush-racks, and frames, and the Lord only knows what all! The Parson's Choice."

And as for slippers, and handkerchiefs, and collars, and neckties, he's got enough to set up a shop with. And, don't you believe, deacon Conway, on your day Bedlam, you'd bought a poor dear Mr. Howland can't abide tobacco in any case, or any shape! And that was worked with scarlet monkeys, playin' fiddles, onto black velvet. Jest think o' offerin' fiddlin' monkeys to a minister of the Gospel! Mr. Howland was out when she come, an' so she left 'em fur me to give him. An' when I heard him in his room, I took the tongs and carried 'em in, fur I just didn't want to tact the onrighteous things, an' you jest ought to see him laugh!"

"I dare say," said the deacon, laughing himself at Aunt Polly's spirited recital. "But time presses, sister Palmer. If you will just mention to brother Howland that I am here—or shall I go to his room?"

"I'll do that, I suppose," said the deacon.

"I have nothing to forgive," said he,

portunity to put the money in my pocket, or to detect any one else in the act of doing so.

"But all this is now to no purpose. The past is dead and buried.

"In my prison my mother visited me, in company with the man she afterward married, Col. Egbert Stanhope, Adele's father. Almost crazed with a sense of utter helplessness under monstrous injustice, I threw myself on my knees before them, and assured them of my innocence again and again by every sacred pledge I could think of.

"My mother believed me. Had she doubted me then I believe I would have committed suicide if I had not to starve myself to death by refusing food."

"As for Col. Stanhope, if he doubted my innocence, he dissembled his feelings. His love for my mother, which was extraordinary, may have led him to do that. Certainly he would have lost her as his wife had he acted otherwise than as he did.

"From whatever motive, he espoused my cause; and a father could not have done more for me than he did. But all proved of no avail. I was tried and condemned, and had sentence executed upon me—two years imprisonment and branding in the palm!"

Under her trouble my mother was completely prostrated. For my sake she would have deferred her marriage, as I had died. But I knew that she needed the care that only he could give her, and added my solicitations to his, so that her scruples were overcome; and I believe that the preservation of her life was due to the tenderness with which he watched over her.

"While I was in prison my mother visited me for an hour every day. This saved me from despair.

"When my term was expired Col. Stanhope removed to the North with his wife and child, Adele, then a year old, and myself. By act of the Legislature of the State of Maine, he gave me his name. I shall never forget my mother's gratitude!"

"My mother's very tenderness to me was a constant reminder of the cloud that had fallen upon my life; and I was seized with a morbid dread of every one who knew of the indelible brand in my palm. I longed to be alone among strangers. Seeing that I was sinking into a brooding monomania, she finally yielded to my incessant entreaties and gave her consent to my going abroad.

"For six years I wandered in a vast desert of humanity, never meeting a familiar face. I dared not make friends, lest they should learn the secret of that brand of ignominy that burned like quicksilver fire in my palm. As for love, how could I drag the woman I loved down to—Oh! God! Sibyl, my wronged wife! to the fate I have given you!"

"After six years the man to whose generosity I owed so much died, and I was called home to console my widowed mother. She placed my sister Adele in my arms, and followed the man who had become necessary to her existence.

"I cannot tell you what a boon to my aching heart was the gentle, loving child of seven. I loved her and still love her second only to you. I dedicated my life to her, nor cared for the love of any other woman until I met you.

"Then, my wife, came the keenest agony and the greatest joy of my wretched life. You know the circumstances that brought us together. Had I been alone I might have torn myself away; but I saw that my sister was attracted by your brother, and he by her. This, together with the overpowering love I conceived for our dear Adele, led me to temporize and temporizing I became lost.

"My strange behavior when Felix proposed for my sister's hand was not, as you interpreted it at the time, chiefly due to pain at losing her, though I confess my heart turned sick with a sense of loss. But in my absorbing passion for you I had forgotten all about her possible love for Felix. It burst upon me a complete surprise, and with it came the thought that, after her marriage, the secret of my life might be discovered, and Felix in his pride might turn against me and perhaps treat her coldly, when he would break her heart.

"For the first time I saw that my life might prove a curse to her. Then, too, how could I be related to you, and meet you, as would be unavoidable, without telling my love? The two who would have loved could reap only misery from association with me."

"Sibyl, when you came to me that night—when I saw in your face that you loved me, I became intoxicated with delight, and cast every scruple behind me. I swore then to possess you at any and every hazard. My secret might never be discovered, and if it was, your love might triumph over everything else, and we might be happy in each other, in spite of the world.

"Up to that time I was not sure whether or not John Boardman recognized me, though it was a constant dread. When he denounced me I was paralyzed. But you asked me to let my life be my vindication, and then I deceived your brother.

"This statement cannot alter the world's verdict, but I write it in the hope that you will receive it into your heart, and that the belief that I deserved your contempt may make your sorrow less hard to bear."

"Oh, my injured wife! now that I am dead—for this will come to you as a voice from the grave—can you believe me—can you forgive me? Think of the year that you have lain next to my heart! If I were infamous, would no word or look have betrayed me?—could I have deceived you so completely?"

But here the reader was interrupted.

"No! no!" cried Sibyl, rising to her feet, now strong in her great love. "I have heard enough. Let me go to him at once. Oh! if a life of untiring devotion can repay him in part for all he has suffered, I pray God to spare his life to me!"

(To be continued—commenced in No. 434.)

A Touch of Jealousy.

BY JENNIE DAVIS BURTON.

"If I had known you would care in the least, I would have declined Mrs. Colonel Agnew's invitation, but since I have promised, you mustn't be unreasonable, Lu."

A spark of indignation came into Lu Walters' velvety brown eyes.

"You are perfectly aware of my opinion, Harold. Look at me, sir! How would you like it if I were to go to such gatherings as this of Mrs. Agnew's without you, and receive the attention of other gentlemen?"

"I wouldn't give you the chance," smiled Harold Gale. "I'd make it a point to be on hand and look after your own property."

"You can get places where you won't attract—which you would not wish me to attend."

"Only because I wouldn't choose for my future wife a young lady given to fashionable frivolity." Mr. Gale hastened to declare. "You know, dear, it was because you were such a modest little home blossom that I learned to prize you so."

"Still you think it too much of a deprivation to give up enjoyments I may not share. I wonder what I may look for by-and-by if this is the case now?"

"My dear Lu, you wouldn't enjoy yourself. You would be out of your element. I don't care for this sort of thing myself, tired of it long ago, and I'll be bored to death, but I can't very well get around going since I've promised. I'll tell you, though, since you take it to heart so, I'll only drop in and make my excuses. How will that do?"

It was in the process of making his excuses to Mrs. Colonel Agnew, apparently, that Mr. Gale should attach himself as the special attendant of a certain Miss Dubar, whose blonde beauty had very nearly insured him the season before.

"Do you know the horrible story I have heard of you?" asked Miss Dubar, with a flint of her ivory fan.

"I am sure you wouldn't give anything bad about me a moment's belief."

"Certainly not. It isn't my way. I told Frank Howard it was rank treason if you had gone out of our set to get yourself engaged."

"Nothing but despair of winning where I wished to win could have driven me to such a step," declared Gale, with a pathetic glance.

"And this is the sort of flirtation which could induce him to break his word to me," thought Lu Walters, standing so near that she could have put out her hand and touched them from the screen of a rose-twined pillar.

"Yes, I will waltz with you once, Clement," she answered her partner, and Mr. Harold Gale abruptly broke off the murmured conversation with Miss Dubar, like anything else inspired and sweet, bent to the ball as the floating vision in shining white went past him clasped in a pair of masculine arms, with a handsome golden tassel almost brushing her dark-fressed hair.

He gazed, half-doubting his own sight, then started up.

"Pardon me, I must go and speak to a friend," he muttered, and stalked away, leaving Miss Dubar piqued and resentful.

"Lu," he interposed, as she was leaving the floor, "you little witch, how do you come to be here?"

"By invitation," she answered, indifferently. "Don't stop, Clement. We would only detain this gentleman, and he leaves in a moment as I happen to know."

"I'll wait," the gentleman hastened to say.

"Come with me, Lu. Let me take you home."

"Thanks, no. I have an escort for the evening. Are we to give Mrs. Agnew a duel, Clement?"

"Senorita, I owe you my life, and should I ever have it in my power to return the favors you have done me, believe me I will gladly do so."

"I am sorry you have to run back against the tide, and I sincerely hope you will get into no trouble on my account."

But Lu swept serenely past him, unheeding his whispered protests, and Mr. Gale left the scene in a bitter mood, wretchedly jealous for the first time in his life. He was on hand and waiting for Lu at a most unseasonable hour next morning.

"Sorry if I was the means of sending you home early last night," said she, with sweet unconsciousness. "We left at four. The effect of moonlight in the morning is very striking, I find."

"Effect of Clement, more likely," growled Mr. Gale. "Lu, is that fellow to come between us? Of course if you prefer him—"

"Prefer cousin Julia's husband?" said Lu, with wide-open eyes.

"Oh! when I've made an idiot of myself, but it's all right."

"All right! I am not so sure. Harold, I thought it well to show you that I can move in the same society you frequent if I like, but I regard it as trifling away time and opportunities which can be more profitably used. But if you find more congenial companionship there—Miss Dubar's for instance—and were driven through despair of winning her to me—"

"You heard that nonsense! See here, Lu, I was never so ashamed of myself in my life. I accept my lesson, so now make up, there's a darling girl, and I promise you shall never have reason to repeat it."

Nor did she for Mr. Gale found one little touch of jealousy an effectual cure.

UNSEEN AND UNSUNG.

BY JOHN H. WHITSON.

There is many a beautiful thought
That lies, like a deep-sea pearl,
Embalmed in the casket that God has wrought,
'Neath the ocean's rush and swirl.

There is many a motive grand,
That lies but a lifeless seed,
Awaiting the touch of a master-hand
To wake it to living deed.

There is many a lovely bower,
Far, far from all human sight;
There is many, ay, many a flower,
Whose petals ne'er ope to the light.

There is many a silent bairn,
Who's cold, with its chords unstrung.
Hanging cold and mute; all its sweet tones marred;
There is many a song unsung.

The Pirate Prince;

OR,

Pretty Nelly, the Queen of the Isle.

BY COL. PRENTISS INGRAHAM,
AUTHOR OF "CAPTAIN OF CAPTAINS," "THE RIVAL LIEUTENANTS," "THE GIRL GUIDE,"
"THE BOY TERROR," "THE SKELETON CORSAIR," "THE BOY CHIEF," "DIA-MOND DIRE," "THE FLYING YANKEE," "WITHOUT A HEART," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE FLIGHT.

For some moments Roy Woodbridge and Nellie stood in silence, the twilight shadows deepening around them, and the waters of the basin growing darker and darker.

Then the maiden spoke:

"You wish me to go to Havana with you, senor?"

"Yes; you can aid me greatly."

"Then I will go, if my mother and the chief say yes."

"And if they object?"

"I will say anything, for Captain Rafael must die, if any aid of mine can save him."

"Nobly said! Now I will leave you. Go and bring your prisoner at once on board, while I return to the lugger, for we must get off to-night as there is a fair breeze blowing outside."

"Then it will favor the American. We shall be under way within the hour, and when I have seen him out of the channel I will return to the cabin and soon be on board the lugger."

"Farewell, my brave Nellie, for awhile, and success attend you."

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THE CROQUET QUEEN.

A WARNING TO CROQUETTERS AGAINST COQUETTES.

You may talk about skating, and sleighing and dancing.
Proclaim the delights of the rod and the gun;
Of the ride through the park upon stately gayly prancing;

The row on the lake until daylight is done;
Praises sports of the land, and the water each one—

The bath by the beach, or the yacht on the sea—
But of all the sweet pleasures known under the sun,
A "good" game of Croquet's the sweetest to me.

To make it a good one there needs a good ground;
The grass closely cut and the turf smoothly rolled;

The mallets well balanced; the balls thorough round;

And the bridges set square, with true distances told;

The players close matched—about four to a side—

Four sweet girls for partners, or not less than three;

All playing in earnest—no trifling aside—

In the croquet arena no flirting should be.

For nowhere is flirting with such peril fraught—

Not even in dancing is danger like this.

At a croquet match, by a croqueting miss!

They called her the "Croquet Queen, *je ne sais quoi*;"

There were in the arena good players as she,

But something about her—a look that gave law—

Ere the game was half ended she "queened" it o'er me.

Her figure was faultless—not tall, nor *pétite*—

Her skirt rarely touched the toe, but never boot;

I've seen in my time some remarkable feet.

But never one equaling that little foot.

Its tourname was perfect, from ankle to toe—

Praxiteles ne'er had such model for art—

No arm so sharp ever shot Cupid's bow;

When poised on the ball it seemed pressing your heart!

It crushed more than one, as I sadly remember—

A dozen at least in the sweet month of May—

And long are the season had reached to September,

It numbered of victims a dozen a day.

As one on the list you won't wonder, I ween,

That I warn you 'gainst flirting while playing this game!

You may meet, as did I, some fair croqueting queen,

Who will croquet your heart, till it feels all afame!

Typical Women.

MARIE LOUISE,

The Unworthy Successor of Josephine.

BY DR. LOUIS LEGRAND.

Had not "motives of state" induced Napoleon to repudiate Josephine if is quite probable Marie Louise of Austria never would have occupied a prominent position among noted women—certainly never would have been reckoned worthy of place among typical women, if by that term we mean women of representative or significant traits of character. She came not from obscurity, for she was an emperor's daughter, the offspring of a great house; but her almost uniformed character left her a name to make, and the name she made became great only from association with those who were great.

And yet, she assumes a prominent place in history as the successor of Josephine, Empress of France, as the wife of Napoleon and the mother of Napoleon's only legitimate child.

Marie Louise, archduchess of Austria, was the eldest daughter of Francis I., Emperor of Austria, and therefore grand-niece of the beautiful and unfortunate Marie Antoinette, whose sacrifice by the *sans culottes* of the guillotine made a Napoleon possible. So do human events mock justice, shock consistency and impale honor. Marie Antoinette was butchered to rid France of monarchy; Marie Louise was made empress to give France an emperor.

She was born 1791, in Vienna; was there educated, and at eighteen was pronounced one of the most cultivated and beautiful of all the princesses of Europe. But the disturbed condition of affairs, and the rapidly changing fortunes of kings and royal succession made her alliance a very question of fate. Little her father thought that fate would make his mighty enemy, Napoleon, the husband of his beloved child!

Napoleon, in the tremendous campaign of 1809, approached and besieged Vienna. Europe literally was at his feet. Germany was conquered, humiliated, devastated; the very name of Frenchman was detested—dreaded as the synonym of sacrilege, rapine and desolation. After Germany fell Austria; and Francis I., driven into his own capital, was forced to such terms as the master dictated.

During the siege Marie Louise was confined in the royal palace, sick with the small-pox, unable to be removed. Hearing this Napoleon ordered the palace to be spared, not dreaming that he was extending clemency to his soon-to-be wife.

Even then his separation from Josephine had been evolved by him, for, as stated in our paper on the repudiation of course, on its sudden return to Paris, from the dreadful battlefield of Wagram, in October (1809) he had the passage in the palace at Fontainbleau, leading from his apartments to the rooms of Josephine, bricked up, and thenceforward the "separation" was final, although not formally and publicly consummated until Dec. 16th. That act left him legally free to wed again; so he cast his eyes over Europe among the greatest reigning lines and chose the sister of the Czar Alexander. The czar was only too ready to placate his adversary by such an alliance, but his mother resisted so stoutly that no immediate answer was given; whereupon the suitor immediately turned to the young and accomplished princess of Austria. Francis I., of course could not do otherwise than say yes. Marie Louise had no voice whatever in the matter; she was merely an *object*, to be used as the pretences of the house demanded—or, as some have very expressively called it, "a victim sacrificed to the Minotaur." Napoleon wedded as he fought—with disagreeable rapidity—for the marriage took place in Vienna, March 11th, 1810—the Archduke Charles standing as proxy.

Napoleon had no time to attend in person upon a ceremony where a substitute could answer as well. The very next day the wife-by-proxy started for her husband's bed and board. A magnificent retinue of attendants and servants accompanied her to the Bavarian frontier, where she was met by a French guard of honor and attendants. The Germans were then all dismissed—Marie retaining only her excellent and beloved governess. She donned her German costume and put on the French. Her new maid of honor was Mad. Lannes, and the mistress of her dressing-room was the Countess of Lucy. They soon quarelled with the governess, and she left Marie at Munich so that the forsaken girl was utterly miserable. What made her was taciturn and sad, nor took much interest in her magnificent progress? Considering that she had left a lover behind her, who held her heart in his keeping, and was going to meet a husband she had never seen, merely to become the mother of his children and thus perpetuate the line of Napoleon, it is scarcely surprising that the young German woman shrunk even from the advances of her lord and master—not his advances *in propria persona*, but by letter, for he had no time to fool away on wooing. At Munich she received her first letter from Napoleon, and daily, thereafter, a special messenger reached the *cortege* bearing a letter from the emperor to her betrothed.

This, however, did not suffice. As the cavalcade approached Paris only by short stages, rendered necessary by the fêtes and vast concourses of people that met their carriages at every village and city, Napoleon, we are told, grew impatient to be rid of his betrothed and rode away in hot haste to Spissas, near which city he came suddenly upon the *cortege*, in a drenching rain, and leaping from the saddle sought, unannounced, the bride's carriage. Into it he bounded unceremoniously, to be introduced to

Marie by Caroline Murat, her traveling companion. Napoleon was wet to the skin; Marie was weary, sad and frightened; so the first meeting was not a harbinger of happiness, and of cordial association to come.

This was followed by an order to drive on with all rapidity to the emperor's elegant quarters at Compiègne, where the bridal pair arrived that evening. How did the emperor welcome his tired guest? By ordering her to her apartments for rest, and by gentle ministrations to her disturbed spirit? Not at all. He proceeded with her to his private parlor and kept her there all night—talking! an indignity which only confirmed her distress of mind, if it did not induce actual dislike of the man.

The marriage civil took place in the Tuilleries April 1st with much ostentation, and on April 2d Cardinal Fesch bestowed the benediction in a limping public ceremony—the bride's train being borne by three queens—Hortense of Holland; Julie of Spain; and Catherine of Westphalia.

There followed for the young wife imprisonment in her own sumptuous apartments. She had to endure the incessant presence of one or more of his six noble ladies of honor—women of inherited titles or of eminent connection. Her rooms were only accessible, even to the emperor, through an ante-chamber wherein slept one of these ladies, so that it was wholly impossible for any one to approach the empress unless under surveillance. Even the wife's letters were written to her by one of these ladies. It would seem as if Napoleon was inordinately distrustful of her fidelity and took these precautions to make her "above suspicion." Not an unusual course for men to pursue who themselves are to be distrusted. Napoleon as father was then providing for his children the young Czar Walewski and the infant Count Lannes. As the entire Court was honeycombed with marital corruption it is not singular that she should have taken extraordinary measures to prevent any scandal or suspicion regarding his wife of state.

She, however, seemed submissive to it all,

capital and demand the Regency for herself and the succession for her son, and thus keep the unpopular Bourbons from the throne? Not she! On the contrary she espoused the cause of the allies, and when Napoleon, on the 11th of April, at Fontainbleau, formally renounced all claims to the thrones of France and Italy, for himself, his wife and his son, it was with her full assent; and having had conferred upon her the three little duchies of Parma, Piacenza and Guastalla, she went—whither? With her exiled husband to Elba? Not she! She went to Vienna, and never saw Napoleon again, nor seemed to take any personal interest in his fortunes; save, indeed, to openly declare, on his return from Elba, the next year, her wish that he might be overcome.

If here could end the record of Marie Louise it would have spared the name and memory of the empress from shame; but, as she did not pass to the name of her father's home to remain there in seclusion, nor, after Napoleon's transportation to St. Helena and his death, remain in honorable widowhood, the biographer is forced to state that her life was one of disgraceful indifference to moral rectitude. She moved almost at once to her Italian duchies, leaving her son in Vienna a virtual state prisoner, and orphaned, for she apparently had deserted him designedly; left the child of Napoleon to perish miserably while she lived in open and undisguised intimacy with Count Neipperg, bearing him three children during Napoleon's lifetime. After the great exile's death, and just before Neipperg was to die, he was secretly married to the ex-empress (1829)—thus to legitimate the three children. The eldest, a daughter, and the second, a son, have their family name yet well preserved in their descendants. Marie Louise died and reigned in Parma until 1847, when she died—neither regretted nor thought of, for she had almost passed from public observation.

In France, to-day, Josephine's name is reverenced; Marie Louise is scorned as "the Dutch Mistake."

completing the business which had called him West and was preparing for a brief return to Greenville, previous to his establishment in New York to pursue the studies of his chosen profession. To him, despite the disappointment that had stabbed him keenly at his parting with Bethel Foss, life looked wondrous bright. Possessed of fine physique, of perfect health and strength, of a wealthy idolizing father, of a well-cultivated mind, and freedom to pursue the course in life which was most in accordance with his tastes and ambitions, he could not but feel that existence was a grand and enjoyable gift, even though his long-time sweetheart had denied him the crowning glory of her love and life. And even regarding Bethel, he felt more hopeful than on that morning when she had refused to listen to his suit. He could not believe that Rial Andrals was actually his rival, that Beth's few weeks of association with him could ever have a serious result. He knew that Mr. Foss would never approve of such a lover for his daughter. He told himself that Bethel had not quite forgiven the little quarrel which had occurred between them the previous day, and, besides, had been unmoved by her mother's death. She had not been at all herself. When he should see her again, he felt that his chance to win her hand would be infinitely better than they had been upon the unlucky morning when he had made his first proposal. For Harry had heard no word of the events connected with the parson and his daughter which had convulsed Greenville society with excitement. His father had been his only correspondent from there, and, besides being little given to gossip, Mr. Sewall's mind had been too overtaxed with business anxieties, of late, to admit of his sending his son more than the briefest notes.

And so, when, one dreary November day, Harry Sewall swung himself from the platform of a car at Greenville station, having crossed upon the road the telegram notifying him of his father's death and funeral, he was entirely unconscious of the many trials that awaited him. In his brother's dead and dissolved home in the hands of creditors, his helpless mother and two little sisters dependent upon him, his own loved career closed upon him; and Bethel, while disaster and disgrace had come to him, Bethel free, had entered the gay world, an heiress to greater wealth than he had ever dreamed of acquiring.

It was scarcely strange that when one fair, bright face smiled upon him still, and a little gloved hand nestled into his day of the funeral, and a soft voice whispered:

"We go away, day after to-morrow. Harry: you must come and say good-by to me before then," that he promised to do so, and gladly sought brief relief from his troubles, the next evening, by spending an hour with Miss Thorne, who spared no efforts to impress him with the beauty of her blue eyes and blonde curls, while she talked with him of what he had already heard concerning his former sweetheart.

"And now," said Flavia, after the dinner of young women in general, false to her friend because of the gentleman in the case. "I suppose Bethel will put on all the airs of a millionaire's daughter, and forget the very people among whom she has been brought up. I am not sure that even mamma and I will dare call upon her august majesty."

"You must be joking, Miss Flavia," replied Harry, gravely. "We know that Bethel is not that style of young lady."

"You think not?" cried the yellow-haired Flavia, watching her companion with a little malicious sparkle in her eye. "Why, it is nearly always the way with people who are not born to position: and see how quickly she deserted old friends for Mr. Andrals."

"I think it is scarcely fair," he said, calmly, "to assume that it is Mr. Andrals' wealth that won Beth's liking; nor am I sure that she cared for him other than she would have done for any pleasant, gentlemanly companion thrown into her society as he was, almost constantly, for some weeks."

"Aren't you, indeed?" laughed Flavia, a little ring of defiance in her voice. "Then you do not think as every one else did."

"That she ran away to meet him? No, I do not. Has it not been proved otherwise?"

Flavia bestowed upon her questioner an arch glance.

"It has been proved that she did not elope with him; but has it been proved that she did not intend to do so, or for what reason she left her home, if not to go with Mr. Andrals? But we will not discuss that question. Of course I much approve of a lady's matches, I hope I have been too well brought up to disgrace myself and my friends in that way, but as for the rest, why, for my part, as Bethel, I do not see why she should not marry him. In fact, I expect the *dénouement* of the whole affair will be cards for a grand Foss-Andrals wedding, before the winter is over."

"Since Bethel was so desperately in love with him," Harry kept repeating to himself. Surely Flavia ought to know the truth; the young ladies had been almost constant associates. But, even if this was a mistake, if Bethel was not desperately in love with Andrals, and had not meant, when she ran away, to marry him, how changed was his own position toward her, and hers toward him, since that September moonlight when he had told her of his longings, to share his crown as his affianced husband. Then, it had seemed to him natural that she should quickly and proudly accept so excellent a proposal as his. Now, even if she had another lover, was she likely from the height of her new life and prosperity to smile upon him, and wait for the time when he, again, might be free to offer her his love, when, doubtless, scores of suitors would seek her hand?

And then, suddenly, he asked himself, bitterly, why he should think these thoughts at all. Had not Bethel refused him once, and had he not said that he would forget her? Forget her, indeed, he would, and—must! And he turned more gayly to listen to Flavia's merry conversation, and gave her his promise, with a half-feeling of gratitude that she should so anxiously desire it, to call upon her, often, when they were both established in town.

You see, through the eyes of your parents, she said, allowing the plump hand she had given him in farewell to linger a moment softly, his, "and I dare to hope that your sacrifice of your profession will not be for long."

"It must be until every cent of my father's indebtedness is paid, and I can support my mother and sisters comfortably, while I pursue my studies," he answered gravely. "So you see that my chances of being admitted to the bar must be very distant, if, indeed, they are not forever blotted from existence."

"And you are going into business with your uncle?"

"Yes—trifles—into pork-packing! Unromantic enough, is not it? But my uncle has made me a generous offer and I cannot afford to refuse it."

Though he spoke bravely, almost defiantly, Harry Sewall's soul revolted against the destiny forced upon him. But upon his bitter-sweet voice fell fraught with tender sympathy.

"I will not believe that misfortune can hold you in thralldom long; but even if it does, remember that all is not lost while one friend remains true to you and one heart is constant."

Harry Sewall glanced swiftly into Flavia's bewitching eyes with startled questioning; and met a look of defiant, tender confession that changed to shy confusion. Here was a fair woman, in the very face of his trouble, mutely betraying her love for him. The man who under such circumstances could have remained cold and unresponsive must have been more than human. Harry Sewall gave her the golden head drooped, a half-parted, tempting, eager red mouth came close to his, and a kiss touched his lips; whether he was betrayed into taking it, or whether he had been voluntarily bestowed, only Flavia Thorne could have decisively averred.

When Miss Thorne entered her own room, where her trunks stood packed for her departure in the morning, she cried aloud to herself: "What do I care that I have confessed my secret to her? It will be a temptation to him, who is in New York, and lonely, and struggling with fortune. Small things are fair in love and when they should be."

Miss Thorne surmised rightly that the confession of her secret would be a temptation to Harry Sewall. He could not quite define the feeling, half of aversion and half of pity, with which he thought afterward of that scene between himself and Flavia. He told himself that all the more, because of this betrayal of her feelings, in his position, he should avoid rather than seek her society. And yet he found himself often longing for sympathy, or even the sight and sound of a familiar face and voice, while alone in the great city, repressing his cherished hopes and struggling by devotion to a business most distasteful to him, to maintain those dependent upon him; and so fell into the habit of calling frequently at the Thorne's pleasant home.

CHAPTER XVII.

ROSES AND THORNS.

"One fatal remembrance, one sorrow that throws Its black shade alike o'er our joys and our woes."

The last night of the year which had been such an eventful one to Bethel Foss, found her family established in a stately new home, and lingering over a grate fire, amid the luxuries of her boudoir.

It was a charming suit of apartments—bath-room, bedroom and dressing-room—which Madame De Witt had furnished with exquisite taste and lavish expenditure for her daughter. The walls were daintily frescoed, and hung here and there, with choice pictures. The velvet carpets were finished with wide oriental borders; the satin furniture was one mass of voluptuous upholstery; silk *portières* hung within the embrasures of window shades, and supplied the places of doors; the bed was a high, tent-like draperies; tables, baskets, ornamental toilet appliances—everything that could contribute to convenience and enjoyment was generously supplied, and the colors that prevailed everywhere, in exquisite harmony, were azure and gold.

And it was scarcely strange that when one fair, bright face smiled upon him still, and a little gloved hand nestled into his day of the funeral, and a soft voice whispered:

"We go away, day after to-morrow. Harry: you must come and say good-by to me before then," that he promised to do so, and gladly sought brief relief from his troubles, the next evening, by spending an hour with Miss Thorne, who spared no efforts to impress him with the beauty of her blue eyes and blonde curls.

dreamily meditating, and trying to read her own heart and the hearts of those around her.

That day she had received her first call from her friend Flavia. Miss Thorne had scarcely been prepared to find the country parson's daughter, whom she had been wont to covertly patronize, transformed into the stylish young lady who came into the parlors with calm, stately grace to greet her, and living in a home that far surpassed her own in luxury, rich man's daughter though she was. Whether owing entirely to this change in Miss Foss, and the embarrassing circumstances which had occurred since their last meeting, or perhaps to the more decided beauty with which Flavia's passions had made each other with a formality utterly foreign to their more girlish associations. Still, Bethel succeeded in impressing her guest to remain to luncheon, to meet Madame De Witt, who was attending to some preparations for New Year day and would not be at home until that hour; and during the intervening time diplomatically succeeded in keeping the conversation from turning upon Greenville, and too personal matters. But of the misfortunes that had overtaken the Sewall family Flavia did not neglect to inform Bethel.

"Oh, I am so sorry!" cried Bethel, in an outburst of real sympathy for the old woman. "It's terribly hard that Harry should be forced to sacrifice his plans, and devote himself to mercantile pursuits, that he hates. Just when life seems brightest and worth its most to a young man, too!"

"But you have no idea how calmly he takes it; and he is just devoted to his mother and little sisters. They are coming to town to live soon. Mamma is interesting herself in finding them cheap apartments, in some convenient and respectable locality."

"Of course he is calm! Harry Sewall is too brave and noble to let others suffice him—sojourning through the world with his own honor and disappointment!" exclaimed Miss Foss warmly. "And what would Mrs. Sewall do with him, delicate and clinging as she is? Mrs. Thorne is kind to extend a helping hand to her; and I hope you will send me their address, that I may call upon them as soon as they are settled. Ah! mamma!"

Bethel arose to introduce the new-comer, and shortly after, luncheon was announced—a meal that madame chose should be quite informal and in every way delightful, and—it was understood among her own and her daughter's friends—an hour of social reunion for any visitors, ladies or gentlemen, who should choose to present themselves at that time. To-day, though no gentlemen were present, the hour slipped gayly by, until just before the ladies left the table Madame De Witt suddenly announced:

"Why, Beth, dear, I had quite forgotten that I have some pleasant news for you!"

"For me?" brightly; "then pray do not delay telling it!"

"I must congratulate you upon Mr. Andra's safe arrival home."

Bethel's cheeks flushed hotly under Flavia's eyes turned suddenly and questioningly upon her, but there was a patrician *hauteur*, that would have done credit to Cecile's self in her manner, as she questioned:

"And that is the pleasant news you have for me?"

"Certainly!" laughed madame; then, looking up, and regarding her daughter's haughty, annoyed face she added, with a pretty little gesture of astonishment: "Surely you are glad that your *affiance* has returned?"

It was the first mention of Rial Andra that had ever been made between them; and when Cecile thus coolly and publicly assumed that he was her daughter's lover, Bethel knew that for the time she could only remain silent. This was not the opportunity to make known, and a denial of Rial's relations to her, she was yet powerless to make; and she led the way back to the parlors with such a dead, dull weight fallen upon her heart as had not been there in many days. But no sooner was their guest gone than Miss Foss hastened to say:

"You have assumed, mamma, that I must be pleased at Mr. Andra's return. I am far from that I am, though I do desire at least one interview with him. And, mamma, pray pardon me if I am too inquisitive, in Rial the son of the man who was once your betrothed husband?"

Cecile did not see those straightforward eyes bent upon her face as softly answered:

"Yes."

"Then neither will you care often to meet him."

"My dear," said Madame De Witt, generously and impressively. "I have no right to remember the father's sins against the son. Besides, with years, I have quite outlived that girlish romance. Your betrothed, Bethel, shall be freely welcomed to my house."

A swift look of dissent passed over Bethel's face, but she made no reply. She found Madame De Witt a delightful companion, but there was no sweet heart communion between them. And she had taken up the confession of her folly, and her soul's revolt against the fetters which she had voluntarily and rashly assumed. For once away from Rial's personal influence Bethel had not wasted upon him a single sweetheart's dream. Indeed, from the moment she had gone from the deceitful atmosphere of his magnetic influence and hot passion, into the presence of her dying stepmother, she had repented her engagement to him; and had sought with wild, affectionate remorse to make a retraction of the oath with which she had ratified it, and—through that strange web of circumstances in which she had become entangled, had failed; but now she was to have an opportunity to see him and must meet him, at the very first, as his betrothed, and—what was the end to be?

And then—why must thoughts of Harry Sewall inweave themselves with her anxious meditations, and why did she seem to see Max Duncan with a look of regard upon his face—a strange, cold, repellent expression—such as she had never really known to come to it? What interest had either of them in the fate that had been woven for herself and the bonds of which she alone could break?

And if she should find herself powerless to break them?

Bethel shivered, and arising at the stroke of midnight hurriedly prepared for bed.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 438.)

Was It Sin?

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

MURIEL DALZELL had been standing inside the sweet *portières* of the large orangé-velvet-walled drawing-room, leaning out into the gathering dusk of the rainy June afternoon with eyes that took some warfare of soul that had come hither to fight out alone.

Her guests had gone to their rooms to dress for the half-past seven o'clock dinner; the house was unusually quiet, and in the one room where she was lights had not yet been brought, so that for the time being Muriel had her woe all to herself.

She was a lovely creature, stately and graceful as a white lily, with her creamy skin like rose-leaves, and her great, magnificent dark eyes full of passionate fire, and her shining hair of rich blue-black beauty.

She had made her toilet before she came down from her room, and with her rare, elegant taste that could afford to be gratified to the extremest extent, she had this afternoon put on a dress of some fleecy material, and white as foam, wearing ribbons of deep bright cherry—a toilet that lit up the gloom of the dreary day, and that made her look ravishingly beautiful.

She ought to have been so happy—this fair woman who owned such a magnificent estate that an hour's brisk driving in any direction would not have taken her to its boundary—this woman, just barely twenty years old, with such

wealth and beauty at her command that she was the envied *par excellence*, who had friends, admirers, worshippers, by the score, whose faintest wish was law.

And here, standing in the gloomy twilight, with the drip of the rain and the wail of the east wind in her ears, this fair-faced woman, who was scarce more than a girl, was waging her first bitter fight with Fate, because that Fate had taught her in the past few months that above all things in this world she desired what she could not have—the love of Willis Sexton.

Willis had told her in the past few months that he had been given to little Grace Morris, the tiny Gracie with the big blue eyes and flowing yellow hair, who was, with her adored lover, among the dozen guests at "The Elms," Muriel's place.

And while this passion-hearted, passionate woman was standing there in the gloomy shadows, wondering why it was her Fate was so tantalizingly cruel, Grace Morris, up in one of the guest's chambers, was braiding her yellow hair, and looking at the sweet smiling reflection of her dimpled face in the glass, wondering if Willis would be pleased with her in the toilet she had selected, and thinking what a happy girl she was because Willis Sexton had brought her.

While Muriel Dalzell came the awfulness of her passion, came the sudden questioning—was it her sin that had done it? And in later days, she quietly told Willis Sexton their ill-starred marriage must never be consummated; and so they went their way with memories all future days can never blot out.

his breast with all his strength, kissing her breath almost away.

"Hate you! Oh, my bride, my beautiful bride, my wife!"

Five or six hours later, when the company dispersed after their night-long dissipation, there went a cold chill of horror over the house, for a maid had found little Gracie Morris lying on her bed in her room, whether she had gone after accidentally overhearing her own pitiful destiny from Willis Sexton's lips—poor little lover! Gracie, lying white and dead on her bed, stricken by a blow from which she had no power to recover.

While Muriel Dalzell came the awfulness of her passion, came the sudden questioning—was it her sin that had done it? And in later days, she quietly told Willis Sexton their ill-starred marriage must never be consummated; and so they went their way with memories all future days can never blot out.

THE "OLD JOGAEFF."

BY JAS. G. MCKENZIE.

I wish there was no "Jogafee,"
To study summer days,
Nor any capitals or towns,
Nor any seas or bays.

I do not care a single bit
Which way the rivers run,
While Sam, and Bob, and Fred, and John,
Are having all the fun.

And if I don't be President,
I give up all care—
(They always tell us about
That Presidential chaff?)

I wish I was a bumble-bee,
And couldn't read a word,
But then the bees all have to work;
I guess I'd be a bird—

And fly away to Alder brook,
And watch for dace and trout—
Oh, this corner is so hot,
I wish I could get out!

I'm glad the teacher looks so warm;
I'm glad she's tired, too—
Looking around this way to see
How near the chapter's through.

Maybe she don't like staying in!
How pale and still she looks,
Leaving her head down on the desk,
Beside her pile of books.

I guess I'll try this page once more.
Come here, old Jogafee!

Hurrah! I know it. Where's my hat?
I'm out before it's three.

Wild Will,

THE MAD RANCHERO, OR, THE TERRIBLE TEXANS.

A Romance of Kit Carson, Jr., and Big Foot Wallace's Long Trail.

BY "BUCKSKIN SAM."
(MAJOR SAM S. HALL.)

CHAPTER XX.—CONTINUED.

"What in thunder is up now?" exclaimed Tom, aroused by the Irishman's yell. "I reckon Larry's made a match with another panther on a dyin' race, an' he's just knocked her spots onto the animal at that. Joe, I'll be typy saddle-arses to Larry. Larry can out run any of 'em, y'all know. He's red, white, red, valyer or black, this side ther Rockies. He's a reg'lar cuus, he is, an' I freeze ter him frum this day out as a pard. Here he cumns. Slimy yer lariat down an' we'll haul him uputen ther drink. Reckon he ain't so almy dry an' have care."

Everything arranged, the drawing-room was at once deserted for the dressing-rooms and impromptu stage and auditorium—the great dancing-saloon—deserted save by Muriel, who, her necessary orders given, returned to the quiet solitude—to wait Willis Sexton standing beside the cheery fireplace, to see him start forward as she came in the room, his face all alight, his eyes sparkling.

"Anything to oblige, Mr. Sexton. As I am already in white, there will be no trouble about the toilet."

Heads were so coolly courteous, her heart so recklessly eager with delight, so sick with the pain that never would leave it again—and Willis Sexton for a moment that he heard her words and saw her face, wondered if he were not a hopeless fool to ever have thought, or dreamed, or imagined that she possibly might have cared.

Everything arranged, the drawing-room was at once deserted for the dressing-rooms and impromptu stage and auditorium—the great dancing-saloon—deserted save by Muriel, who, her necessary orders given, returned to the quiet solitude—to wait Willis Sexton standing beside the cheery fireplace, to see him start forward as she came in the room, his face all alight, his eyes sparkling.

"I did not dare think you would be back, but I hoped it—Muriel, it is impossible that there can be silence between you and I any longer, impossible because I love you—"

He had almost snatched her in his arms as he spoke hurriedly, passionately, and he had kissed her before she scarcely realized it all. Then, with a piteous little exclamation she freed herself from him, trembling from head to foot.

"No! No! You must not—it will kill her—no, you shan't not—I say!"

For she had taken her again, kissing all her lips, all her neck, all her face, all her hair.

The door effectively ended the scene, and Muriel had to descend to the commonality of life to receive a message from the servant, and answer it.

It seemed to Willis Sexton that he never had seen such exquisite beauty, in all his life as Muriel Dalzell's was that night. There was bewitchingness in her manner he never had seen before, a glow on her cheeks, a fire in her eyes that quickened all his pulses as he looked at her, and listened to her low, sweet voice, and felt, with a sense of recklessly mad pain, that she compassed him as she had never ever had done, or could do, that he worshipped her so madly that Gracie, and honor, and sworn vows were as feathers on an adverse wind before this passion this fair woman had awaked.

At the same time the drawing-room was at once deserted for the dressing-rooms and impromptu stage and auditorium—the great dancing-saloon—deserted save by Muriel, who, her necessary orders given, returned to the quiet solitude—to wait Willis Sexton standing beside the cheery fireplace, to see him start forward as she came in the room, his face all alight, his eyes sparkling.

And then the marriage scene came—the interior of the little rustic chapel, so beautifully and hastily improvised by Muriel's artistic steward and his corps of servants; the "dim religious light" over it all; the heralding music from the grand organ in the adjoining room; and then, when the curtain went up the second time, Muriel Dalzell and Willis Sexton standing at the altar, while the surprised clergyman read the solemn service—so real, so awfully real, that a hush fell on the laughing audience, and Gracie Morris felt a strange quiver of pain and fear.

And then the curtain went down, and while the former exclamation and account of delight from without, and the gentlemen who had officiated as clergyman went away, Willis Sexton suddenly stooped and kissed her, and she as suddenly laid her hand on his sleeve and looked at him with something in her eyes that thrilled him to the marrow.

"Don't—not until—not till you have sworn you will forgive me! Oh, Willis Sexton—"

A great white agony spread over her face that frightened him.

"Muriel, you could do nothing I would not forgive!—nothing—except to send me hopeless death."

"It is you who will send me away; but—but I could not help it, because I love you, so, want you so, always—always!"

Her voice was low, intense, and her words thrilled him from head to foot.

"You love me! Oh, my darling—"

Then she looked at him, a strange expression of pride and defiance and treachery in her straight glance.

"Wait—try not to hate me—because—it was not a farce—that man was a justice of the peace for whom I sent—on purpose! Oh, Willis!"

And he snatched her to him, straining her to

his breast with all his strength, kissing her breath almost away.

"Hate you! Oh, my bride, my beautiful bride, my wife!"

And here, standing in the gloomy twilight, with the drip of the rain and the wail of the east wind in her ears, this fair-faced woman, who was scarce more than a girl, was waging her first bitter fight with Fate, because that Fate had taught her in the past few months that above all things in this world she desired what she could not have—the love of Willis Sexton.

Willis had told her in the past few months that he had found little Gracie with the big blue eyes and flowing yellow hair, who was, with her adored lover, among the dozen guests at "The Elms," Muriel's place.

And while Muriel Dalzell came the awfulness of her passion, came the sudden questioning—was it her sin that had done it? And in later days, she quietly told Willis Sexton their ill-starred marriage must never be consummated; and so they went their way with memories all future days can never blot out.

patiently: "Boys, this won't do. Stop here; mind my nags; I'll soon settle this thing. If our pard an' Will are dead, we're needed ter help her livin'; so here goes for an investigate, as them Congressers say."

Tom drew his revolvers, passed them to Joe, retaining his bowie-knife for defense, and was lowered by the lariat to the river.

In a short space of time he gained the opposite shore, and commenced an examination of all signs about the horse, then made his way through the bushes up the higher bank.

The partly-extinguished fire was there; the crumpled rug where Wild Will had lain, but no human was in view.

As he stood once more on the bank and gave his pard the much needed drink, he said, hastily:

"Boys, our game's up here; Will ain't round or Kit either an' neither one's dead. Kit has slapp'd down river and, and Will have skedaddled sumwhar up creek. I don't care a cuss about it, but give us a trail run fur nothin', an' then sooner or later we'll git up to help our pards.

"Tom's keen eyes swept the ground in all directions until he read the signs and trails, more plain to him than printed books. He lost no time, but hastened to join Joe and Larry, taking a gourd from Will's saddle, and filling it with water for Joe.

As he stood once more on the bank and gave his pard the much needed drink, he said, hastily:

"Boys, our game's up here; Will ain't round or Kit either an' neither one's dead. Kit has slapp'd down river and, and Will have skedaddled sumwhar up creek. I don't care a cuss about it, but give us a trail run fur nothin', an' then sooner or later we'll git up to help our pards.

"The Rangers looked significantly at each other as the body was brought into view after passing the fringe of brush.

Raven sprang from his horse and rolled the Indian over, showing his features with a scowl of deadly hate still imprinted upon them; the chestnut wound in the breast, and the scalping-knife still clasped with the grip of death in his hand.

"That just knocks anything I ever seen," said Big Foot; "that's just the first fast ride in this section what ever knif'd himself. I wish it war more fash'nable among 'em."

when time comes—Apache no warrior—they squaws know nothing."

Again the low, unnatural laugh, more strange coming from one who never indulged in mirth, broke from the lips of the Tonkaway.

The Rangers remained a moment silent from the veriest astonishment and gratification; then they wrung the hand of Raven, and sprung to their look-out at the verge of the timber.

The Apaches were gazing with superstitions awe at the crackling fires and the swaying cope; their whole attention was directed in that direction, and they had not as yet observed the also very strange sight behind them, of two single men coming like the wind toward them, and three more from another direction.

Big Foot crawled back away from the border of the woods, motioning his comrades to his side in a humid and excited way, and said:

"Cum on, an' git fur the horses; everything's cummin' on us! Hurrah fur our pard's! We must be ready to take a hand!"

The whole of the party made fast time for the mustangs, eager to be in at the grand wind-up in prospect.

In the Indian camp, the braves seem to be not only greatly mystified at the unaccountable sights that they see in the river bottom, but their faces show that they attribute the fires, and swinging corpse to supernatural causes, as though such mystery cannot account for.

They now turn their gaze toward the point where the Texan had been, and see plainly that their foes had no hand in the strange appearance, for Big Foot and his party having galloped down beneath the friendly screen of the trees, have resumed their clothing, and taken their former position, leaving their mustangs fully equipped, ready for use.

Big Foot and his comrades could now easily watch the Apaches, and also have a plain view of their several friends, who were coming at great speed over the prairies, toward the band of Apache braves.

Full a mile nearer the Indians, than Reckless Joe and his companions, rode the Red Trailer. He was mounted upon a wild mustang, which he had, in some manner captured, and had secured the saddle and bridle from his dead horse.

His appearance was more frightful than ever; his clothing was torn in shreds from riding his half-subdued horse through the brush, and his hands were scratched and bleeding from the same cause.

His wild, piercing eyes were riveted on the Apache camp, and with insane cunning, he was silent, seeming to know that his yell would alarm his enemies, who were not aware of his approach.

The Indians still gazed with wonder and concern upon the bewildering sights amid the tom-tumbers.

The long soft grass upon the prairie served to deaden the sound of the hoofs of the mustang ridden by the madman; but as he came on to within a quarter of a mile, their experienced ears detected his approach, and instantly all the Indians turned to the new wonder—a single white man charging madly upon them.

They instinctively coiled up their lariats, but, not fearing any harm from a single horseman, they did not count. A number drew their bows for use, and others pointed their lances; but when the Red Trailer came near enough for them to observe closely his appearance, the arms were lowered, and all gazed in superstitious awe and dread at the new mystery.

When the madman saw that he was observed, his horrible yell filled the air, and his mustang fairly seemed to fly, covered with foam and filled with terror.

Making directly into the midst of the Apaches, they parted and shrunk back in consternation at the demented man now rushing upon them single-handed.

So strange and unaccountable had been the mysterious fires and the swinging corpse, that the sight of this unearthly figure was instantly connected with them, by the Indians, and they, too, knew that the Evil Spirit had certainly pounced upon the man become powerless, until the revolver of the madman sent death amid their crowded ranks; so that they could act on the defensive several had gone to act for some of their bloody deeds.

Will emptied his six-shooter, then, being without a weapon, he made his frightened mustang plunge in among the terrified braves, wrenched a lance from one and impaled another, who was just drawing an arrow to shoot him at close range; then, reaching down from his saddle, he with the strength of a giant, seized the Apache chief. Holding him above his head, perfectly powerless from being in the grasp of a being, the wild rider drove spurs into his mustang, who plunged wildly, snorting with fear, and sprung clear of the war-party, and, unharmed, bounded down the river, disappearing beneath the branches below the point where the Rangers, under Big Foot, were waiting. With wild shouts the Rangers then mounted their horses and stood ready for a charge upon the demoralized Indians.

Instantly after the disappearance of Red Trailer with their chief, the Apaches sprung upon their steeds, and in a huddled mass, uncertain what to do, gazed about them.

To the north-west on came Joe, Tom, and Larry, their Sharp's rifles at a ready, and on came Kit in a thundering gallop on his iron prairie stallion, his hair flying in the wind, and without a hat, having something of the same appearance as the madman, and believed by the Indians to be another evil spirit.

From the river charged Big Foot, Jack, Clown and the Tonkaway.

There was a moment of indecision as the Apaches glanced, in increased amazement, at the foes by which they were beset; then, with a fierce yell of desperation, they charged toward the Rangers coming from the north-west, preferring to cut them down rather than meet Kit, the supposed counterpart of Wild Will, to the south.

But as soon as Reckless Joe and his two comrades saw the Indians coming toward them, they halted and let fly with their rifles, giving them three volleys, one after another in quick succession, which caused such disorder that before they recovered, Kit, with his revolver, dashed entirely through their ranks, and afterward the balls from the party headed by Big Foot in their rear, cut them down like reeds.

Now came the grand charge of all. Kit turned his stallion, which had carried him some distance away, and headed again toward the Apaches at the same time that Reckless Joe's party from one side and Big Foot's band from the other, with their deadly revolvers came down upon the demoralized Indians like avalanche, and poured in lead like hail in a northern gale.

The Xan yells, war-whoops and death-hows together with death-songs of wounded braves; the sharp volleys of revolvers; the twang of bow strings, and hissing of arrows and bullets strangely and horribly blended together.

As the last death-yell broke on the air, as those who had been so strangely parted were grasping each other's hands, Wild Will's yell burst once more upon the prairie air, and he went thundering past toward the north, holding the Apache chief up before him.

The chief gave a horrified look at the dead braves, lying in one slaughtered pile on the plain; another of intense hate at the Texans; but this was changed again to horror as the Red Trailer's yell burst forth, and he was borne away, he knew not where, and by—he knew not what; man or devil.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 436.)

"Do fish sleep?" is a scientific question. "If they don't, what are they doing in the river's bed?" is the funny man's addition, and "Because they can't climb a tree," is the universal answer.

On being asked why he went into bankruptcy, he replied: "Well, my liabilities were large, my inabilities numerous, and my probabilities unpromising; and so I thought I'd do as my neighbors do."

UTOPIA.

BY WM. W. LONG.

When the soft mists of eventide are falling,
And cover with a garment land and sea—
When Memory in her halls seems all enchanted,
In Fancy's flight we dream of thee.

Yes, thro' thy castle halls we wander,
Where perfumed lights are softly beaming;
A strain of music on the unseen air,
Flows out like echoes seeming.

Then slowly to the west returning,
We seem to float upon the ocean's breast;
And thou dost lead us out and onward,
To some fair Isle of Rest.

These magic isles upon a summer sea,
Where forms of beauty fill each glade,
And wander by the tinkling fountains,
And rest beneath the orange shade.

I see the forms and witching faces
Of sweet companions of the long ago;
Forms that I lost in youth's bright morning,
When crushed, my spirit lay in awe.

I reach my hand to clasp in friendship
The gentle youth and blue-eyed maiden;
When, oh! the vision quickly fades away—
Tis thou, Utopia, I thought. Aiden.

Yet when this earthly pilgrimage is over,
Our bodies resting 'neath the sod,
Where the pure Son of Righteousness doth hover,
We may with them dwell in the bower of God.

Pretty and Proud:

OR,

THE GOLD-BUG OF FRISCO.

A Story of a Girl's Folly.

BY CORINNE CUSHMAN,
AUTHOR OF "BLACK EYES AND BLUE," "BRAVE BARBARA," "MADCAP, THE LITTLE QUAKERESS," "THE GIRL RIVALS," ETC.

CHAPTER XXVII.

CHECKMATED.

It was seven o'clock of a bright, cool, starlit evening.

Lights were flitting here and there through the two stories of a plain frame dwelling standing quite by itself by the side of the plank road which stretched across a long breadth of Jersey swamp.

This "public house" had little patronage, except from the owners of fast horses, who stopped there for a feed for their animals and perhaps a lunch for themselves—certainly always for such refreshment as may be found in a "whisky straight" or a "brandy smash."

Then the day came out of his room, the following morning, the tavern-keeper and his wife stared in astonishment.

"Well, the tantrums take me, if I don't believe Old Nick has got hold of the house, Sally!"

For, instead of the jaunty newsboy, there came down-stairs a handsome girl, dressed in black silk, her long, silken black hair braided down her neck, a gold ring on the fourth finger of her left hand, guarded by another set with a great diamond.

"How are the two gentlemen?" she asked, very quietly.

"They seem to be sleeping mighty heavy, miss. Hope you haven't got me into trouble by giving them an overdose. The priest got up, an hour ago, and went off, feeling rather sick and a good deal puzzled."

"Your wife make some very strong coffee. When it is ready take it up, wake up the two sleepers, and make them drink freely. They will soon be all right, I assure you. It is now time for them to awaken."

The landlord eyed the black-eyed girl who calmly gave these orders as if she were a witch; then went meekly to obey her.

Maraquita had some of the coffee, too, when it was made, afterward taking a stroll along the monotonous plank-road, returning in about an hour.

"How are the gentlemen by this time?"

"Awake, but a little sick and dizzy."

"In which room is the tall gentleman with the mustache?"

"You had better not go in there; he's in an awful rage."

"I am not afraid of my own husband."

"Oh-h!"

The tavern-keeper was completely taken aback.

The tall gentleman, according to his understanding, had been married to the insane lady, who a party—perhaps from the Lunatic Asylum—had carried off the previous evening.

But he pointed out the room; the lady entered it and closed the door.

Axton was sitting up, in a rocking-chair, looking yellow and drowsy. A dull gleam of hatred came into his eyes when he saw who it was that entered.

"So! it was you who played me this infernal trick!"

"It was, Bill."

"Do you know I would like to wring your neck?"

"Dios sable! I dare say."

"Where is she?"

"Who? Your prisoner—your victim?"

"My wife?"

"Here!"

"Maraquita, I really am afraid I shall hurt you. You had better go away."

"You cannot hurt me half so much as you have done before this, Bill. I am your wife—your only lawful wife; you cannot shake me off by any power but death."

The landlord, who had done the carving, noticed it, making up his mind that his guest had drunk pretty freely before leaving the city, and that the oppression of the room had been the rest.

"I can tell you, now, where the lady is of whom you inquire. She was married last night to Henry, eldest son of the Earl of Essex, and is now, with her husband and his father, about going on board the Cunard steamer which sails this morning. The boat will have left the dock before you could get half-way to the ferry, then looked Alexander full in the face.

"You have checked me, Keety. A woman's wit against the Devil's cunning and the woman wins. Oh, you are a sweet one!"

Holding him above his head, perfectly powerless from being in the grasp of a being, the wild rider drove spurs into his mustang, who plunged wildly, snorting with fear, and sprung clear of the war-party, and, unharmed, bounded down the river, disappearing beneath the branches below the point where the Rangers, under Big Foot, were waiting. With wild shouts the Rangers then mounted their horses and stood ready for a charge upon the demoralized Indians.

Instantly after the disappearance of Red Trailer with their chief, the Apaches sprung upon their steeds, and in a huddled mass, uncertain what to do, gazed about them.

To the north-west on came Joe, Tom, and Larry, their Sharp's rifles at a ready, and on came Kit in a thundering gallop on his iron prairie stallion, his hair flying in the wind, and without a hat, having something of the same appearance as the madman, and believed by the Indians to be another evil spirit.

From the river charged Big Foot, Jack, Clown and the Tonkaway.

There was a moment of indecision as the Apaches glanced, in increased amazement, at the foes by which they were beset; then, with a fierce yell of desperation, they charged toward the Rangers coming from the north-west, preferring to cut them down rather than meet Kit, the supposed counterpart of Wild Will, to the south.

But as soon as Reckless Joe and his two comrades saw the Indians coming toward them, they halted and let fly with their rifles, giving them three volleys, one after another in quick succession, which caused such disorder that before they recovered, Kit, with his revolver, dashed entirely through their ranks, and afterward the balls from the party headed by Big Foot in their rear, cut them down like reeds.

Now came the grand charge of all. Kit turned his stallion, which had carried him some distance away, and headed again toward the Apaches at the same time that Reckless Joe's party from one side and Big Foot's band from the other, with their deadly revolvers came down upon the demoralized Indians like avalanche, and poured in lead like hail in a northern gale.

The Xan yells, war-whoops and death-hows together with death-songs of wounded braves; the sharp volleys of revolvers; the twang of bow strings, and hissing of arrows and bullets strangely and horribly blended together.

As the last death-yell broke on the air, as those who had been so strangely parted were grasping each other's hands, Wild Will's yell burst once more upon the prairie air, and he went thundering past toward the north, holding the Apache chief up before him.

The chief gave a horrified look at the dead braves, lying in one slaughtered pile on the plain; another of intense hate at the Texans; but this was changed again to horror as the Red Trailer's yell burst forth, and he was borne away, he knew not where, and by—he knew not what; man or devil.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 436.)

further delay. Circumstances indeed now demand it.

"God bless you, Maraquita! You have been a noble friend to us. If I thought—if I dared—I should be the happiest man on the face of the earth!"

"Tell her that I say she must consent to the only course that will straighten the tangled threads of her and your own fate. Tell her Maraquita commands her to do it."

"And the earl called his son, Meph. Meph was on the box, the son in his hands. Maraquita commands her to do it."

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AT THE CIRCUS.

BY JOE JOY, JR.

The show had come. She said she'd go.
We were Miss Jane, my little neighbor;
I paid the fare, two fifty cents.
I saved it up with care and labor.
She held my arm as we passed in,
How fine that hand was, several carats!
My heart was filled with pride and love,
And oh, the monkeys and the parrots!

I think I never did forget
The coming of that happy Monday;
I felt it was supremely best.
But then the apes and anacondas!
Her gentle smile it pleased me well,
She was so tender and confiding,
How lovingly I watched her face—
And dog upon the elephant riding!

The bloom was tender on her cheek;
It seemed most like another risky;
How gently did she smile on me!
And at the clown so gay and frisky!
I held her hand within my own—
It seemed so natural and handy;
How sweet I felt to see her pleased;
How then the peanuts and the candy!

It seemed to like love's young dream
What suddenly had grown so real,
What could be more than her smile?
And that man tumbling like a wheel!
To far-imagined nectar turned
The lemnade which we were quaffing.
Indeed it seemed a gala night
In which all longings had been centered;
My thoughts enfolded Jane
Until the clown set me to laughing!

The girls all fell in a tittering crowd;
What world long years of waiting, praying;
There was a music in her laugh.
And then the hand so sweetly playing.
Indeed it seemed a gala night
In which all longings had been centered;
My thoughts enfolded Jane
Until the clown lady entered.

To keep that smile by my side
Was joy, although the sun torrid;
I was unwrapped in dreamful bliss.
But oh, that horse and pistol horrid!
I seemed in an exalted state,
From which I never would be humbled;
said I; Dearest little Jane, my heart
Is in the hands that beat beneath us tumbled!

She spelled her name and pinched her nose;
It seemed that all my bristles singled;
Such closeness of humanity
I think was seldom seen commingling.
To gain her sweet forgiveness
With tenderest love I tried to bribe her;
She went and joined the Methodists,
Eschewing shows—and the subscriber.

Tales of an Army Officer.

DEATH OF YELLOW HAND.

BY CAPT. SATTERLEE PLUMMER.

I HAVE known "Buffalo Bill" for years, and that he was one of the best scouts on the plains was well aware, but had never seen his courage tested until I witnessed his killing of the Cheyenne chief, Yellow Hand, a year ago the past June.

The Fifth United States cavalry were under orders to scout between the agencies called Red Cloud and Spotted Tail, and to drive in all Indians who were leaving those reservations to join the Sioux, or deported on emigrants on their way to the Black Hills.

Buffalo Bill was in command of scouts, and we could not have had a better, for there was not an officer in the command who did not have perfect confidence in Bill's judgment.

We were camped on Hart Creek, about forty miles from Red Cloud, and within sight of what is known as Sheridan's Pass, and had just had breakfast, and "boots and saddles" had sounded, when, "lickety-split," in came Frank White, one of the scouts, and rode up to the general.

"Well, sir, what's the matter?"

"The camp, general! The Indians are in force. Other side of the range. Haven't seen your camp yet."

"How many are there of them, White?"

"Nigh onto five hundred, I reckon."

"How far off are they?"

"Three miles and a bit."

"Send Cody to me!"

"All right, sir."

Away went White after Buffalo Bill. The general at once gave orders to stop all noise in camp, no firing of pistols or carbines, to put out the fires at once and that the command would "stand to horse" at ease.

Buffalo Bill reported while the general was giving the above orders and was told at once to ride out and bring in a report as to the Indians, their number, position, and the best manner of making an attack upon them.

Bill was gone about twenty minutes, when he returned at a run, and as soon as he got in sight motioned to the general to join him.

When we reached the top of a little divide, that separated us from Hart Creek proper, we saw what Bill meant. About a mile and a half from where we were could plainly see two couriers on the Spotted Tail trail coming at a hard gallop; in a gulch about a quarter of a mile in front of them were a party of twenty Indians who were, I could plainly see, about to head them off. The couriers were entirely unconscious of the near proximity of the Indians, and, unless they were aided, would certainly lose their hair. We ourselves were out of sight from either party, and had a splendid view of the maneuvers of our red brothers. Bill said:

"Let me go for them with the scouts, general."

"All right; you shall; but, wait until they get opposite where we are; the couriers are safe now."

Bill at once formed his scouts, and in a few words told them what they had to do, viz.:

"As soon as we strike them they will scatter. Now you, Buck, take the one going to the right, the furthest, and so on; each man go for his Indian, and don't let up!" Bring hair, every one!"

At that minute the general yelled out:

"Now at them, Bill, and give them crimson!"

With yells such as only a frontiersman can make, away went our brave scouts, and followed after them. It was the prettiest sight I have ever seen. The morning was bright and beautiful—not a cloud in the sky to attract the eye heavenward; and yet forty men would soon be engaged in a deadly conflict which could only end one way, for the general had ordered a troop of cavalry to follow, in case the scouts got the worst of it, but no one believed they would.

As soon as the scouts yelled, the Indians saw them, and with an answering yell, broke. Then it was each man after his Indian, as Bill had directed, and there was no flunking! You bet!

I followed Bill Cody, and being well mounted kept quite near him. He was after two Indians, finely mounted, whose trappings and head-dresses bespoke them chiefs. As they went around a small rise, Bill saw a chance to head them. It was to jump his horse across a gulch, which was sheer down twenty feet, and was at least fifteen feet wide, with crumbling banks. I was following him at such speed that I could not stop, so let him have his head, and with a "Good-bye, sweetheart," shut my eyes and found myself over, and, at that minute, heard the ominous whiz of a bullet, a yell, followed by another shot, and then saw that Bill was off his horse and within sixty feet of the Indians, and that one of their horses was down, and that the Indian was trying to

* White, known as "Buffalo Chip," always went with "Buffalo Bill." He was killed on 11th September, 1876, at battle of "Slim Butts."

ing to release himself from it. The Sioux always tie themselves on, so in case they are killed or wounded they will be carried off. Then a shot from Bill's "old reliable" put an end to his agony. His last words were, "Get me off, when done, went my horse." Bill called out to me, "Catch my horse, captain, please!" and dropping his rifle ran on, the Indian's revolver in one hand and bowie in the other; and he did not give them time to sing more than one note of their death-songs before their bloody scalps adorned his belt. "Yellow Hand" and "White Knife" had started on their way toward their "happy hunting-ground."

The pursuit of the main body of the Indians was continued by the troops until dusk, and many a blue-coat and red-skin bit the dust before night, with its sable dress, fell, and put an end to the fighting.

He then took advantage of the darkness to escape to the Reserve, and suffice to say, to keep them there was left by the general, when we at once struck out for the Big Horn country, guided by Buffalo Bill.

The Ride of Lucky Dan.

BY T. C. HARBAUGH.

THE mining town which glories in the not eponymous name of Thunder Gulch had for its nearest neighbor a place of more pretentious limits called Jasper City. Twenty miles of probably the wildest road to be found in our far west country intervened between the two towns, which, strange to say, were not rivals.

Jasper City had a town hall, theater, pretentious business blocks, and a park. The few magnates who dwelt within its limits were men of much wealth, whose speculations in silver had made them independent—veritable American nabobs. Thunder Gulch was owned by these men, who lived in splendid style at Jasper, while their vast mines at the smaller place were worked under the supervision of trusted agents.

Among the nabobs above mentioned was a dandified-looking man of thirty-six, whose many fortunes speculated had gained for him the sobriquet of "the Don." He owned much property in Jasper, and had the following interest in the mines at Thunder Gulch. Always dressed in glossy and faultless broadcloth, with a pair of light lavender kids on his soft, woman-like hands, with his wealth of dark hair profusely powdered, and other signs of the dandy on his person, he never failed to attract attention. His business letters were dictated on initial paper, and he had a habit of affixing the stamp in the upper right-hand corner of the envelope with mathematical precision.

This perfumed ladies-man was the owner of millions in productive stock, and whether in his elegant office, at the mines, which he occasionally visited, in the same Beau Brummell, much to the disgust of the many rough, style-hating men who were obliged to him, he never failed to attract attention.

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As the months wore away the fortune of Lucky Dan increased at a rate that threatened to make him the great American nabob of the century. His style of living and personal adornment kept pace with his run of fortune.

But while this daintily-gloved, handsome Croesus—for Lucky Dan was a latter-day Apollo Belvidere—ruled in Jasper, an evil genius came to Thunder Gulch. He was a little dark-eyed man who possessed a magnetism that was truly wonderful. He added a new and gilded palace of vice to the several which already flourished at the mining town, and, by his cunning arts, soon held the greater part of the custom.

Affairs soon assumed a new aspect at the gulch. The miners, pleased with the suave manners of "the Don," as the new-comer was called, spent their nights, with their earnings, at his spacious gardens, and listened to his discussions on the evil of upholding "one-man power." "The Don" was eloquent, logical and convincing. He succeeded in sowing the seeds of communism among the toilers of Thunder Gulch, and one night the evil culminated in the burning of the house of the nearest lord, and the death of the overseer, who, frantic to his master, had opposed the fury of the mob.

Thunder Gulch was in a state of excitement. Riot of the fiercest description reigned on her streets, and the few women who lived there kept their precious bodies within doors.

During all this time "the Don" stood behind his polished counter and dispensed drinks to the men transformed by his subtle cunning into fiends. Threats to hang Lucky Dan from a beam in the main mine were openly indulged in, and thousands of dollars' worth of valuable ore, with its silver in bars, were flung into the burning shafts.

At last word reached Thunder Gulch that Lucky Dan was approaching from Jasper City at the head of a thousand armed men. The riot sobered many a miner, but did not render him less vicious. Preparations were made to receive the force, and the little army that was mustered in the riot-rent mining-town contained all the elements of the Commune.

Let us see who was coming to meet this legion of devils.

Lucky Dan, the "swell nabob," heard of the starting of affairs while enjoying a game of cards in his office.

The mine gave him a graphic, though uncouth description of the destruction of the shaft, and ventured that nothing short of a little army could plainly see, about to head them off. The couriers were entirely unconscious of the near proximity of the Indians, and, unless they were aided, would certainly lose their hair. We ourselves were out of sight from either party, and had a splendid view of the maneuvers of our red brothers. Bill said:

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* White, known as "Buffalo Chip," always went with "Buffalo Bill." He was killed on 11th September, 1876, at battle of "Slim Butts."

The murderer looked wild.

"It was Lucky Dan! Can't you smell the perfume what he wears on his clothes?"

Strong looked up; the atmosphere was laden with the merchandise of the perfumer's shop; but the scene was fast mingling with it—that of fresh, glistening blood.

"Lucky Dan it was! But Tom, we've been under his iron heel long enough. That's what the 'Don' says, and he's opened our eyes!"

The man looked down the rough road; the horse had disappeared, but the ring of his hoofs came back to them.

Lying on the proud neck of the beautiful beast, with his blood matting the long gray mane, the stricken nabob of Jasper City appeared to be dead.

He showed no signs of life until his horse had put five miles between him and the ambush. Then he straightened himself in the saddle, and gritting his teeth, kept his position there.

"I'll put the dogs for this!" he said, in a voice rendered hoarse by the ball from the Winchester. "I wonder if the bullet went clean through."

He entered upon another stretch of moonlight, with his blood matting the long gray mane, the stricken nabob of Jasper City appeared to be dead.

Young Ellsworth had apprehensions for the worst to come, for he knew his father to be one of those stern old spirits who would rather inaugurate a campaign against an enemy, any time, than to yield one of those "almighty dollars," of which he had so many stored away.

And Olney came to a decision that he should not wait and run the chances. Too much risk was involved; he must rescue him.

He arose and paced to and fro across the plateau, using his eyes sharply about him. There was but one way that escape could in any way be effected, and it was hours before he discovered this.

Young Ellsworth uttered a sharp exclamation, and whirled around to behold a young maiden standing near.

She was remarkably pretty in face, and her form faultless. It took but a glance to convince the prisoner that, like himself, she was an American.

"Who are you?" he interrogated, half admiringly. "Why are you here?"

"I am Eulalia, the lieutenant's daughter," was the reply. "I have come to talk with you. Do you wish to escape before the courier, Palermo, returns?"

"Yes! yes! I wish to get out of this quickly!" was the eager reply. "Can you help me?"

"Undoubtedly; but it would be death to me should my agency in your escape be suspected. I know the best way to save you, but I am afraid to tell you of it."

Then, like a fair vision, the girl vanished in the cavern. Ellsworth watched her until she had disappeared, then threw himself upon the ground, and dropped off into a light sleep.

Night had begun to steal with shadowy somberness over the mountains when he awoke, and found that Eulalia had not yet put in her promised appearance.

What could be the cause of her delay? Had she been deceiving him?

No; he could not believe that she had goodness and truth so plainly inscribed in her prettiness and hazel eyes.

"She will come," he muttered, anxiously peering around. "But, I cannot see how I can escape unless like Aladdin's genie she can cause a hedge to be built across that gulf."

The moments flew slowly by, and darkness was growing thicker and, to the prisoner's relief, Eulalia strolled upon the plateau.

She dragged after her a large coil of strong rope, which she had in some way secured.

"We shall have to work quick," she whispered, "for Red Ramon may come to pay you a visit at any moment."

With her fair white hands she rapidly formed one end of the lasso into a slipping noose, and then gathered the remainder of it in her left hand.

"In heaven's name, what do you propose to do?" Ellsworth demanded, his curiosity aroused.

"I'm going to put the noose of my lasso around the stump you see on yonder ledge!" she replied, and then bracing back she hurled the rope with all her strength across the abyss.

Like an air-serpent it shot zig-zag through space, and then the noose settled about the stump.

A smile of triumph was upon Eulalia's lips as she wound the rope twice around the base of a tree close by, and turned to Ellsworth.

"Now as I take in the slack do you draw in on the rope. It must be perfectly taut."

Without a question Olney did as he was ordered, and soon the rope was at a level and well strained.

"Now pull off your shoes. You must walk on that rope, or die!" Quick; 'tis a choice twixt life and death!" she cried.

Ellsworth did not hesitate; he pulled off his shoes, and with firm nerve stepped out upon the slender cord that stood, for him, 'twixt life and death. He trembled and strained fearfully beneath his weight, but,